

THE DIAL

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RAW MATERIAL.

"We are going to write about it all," says Mr. H. G. Wells in his recent remarks about the contemporary novel. "We are going to write about business and finance and politics, and precedence and pretentiousness and decorum and indecorum, until a thousand pretences and ten thousand impostures shrivel in the cold clear air of our elucidations." Mr. Wells, having qualified himself by both observation and experience, has written about a good deal of it already, and his industry is such that he seems quite capable of completing the job before he lays down his pen—or perhaps we should say, before his fingers cease from thumping the keys of his writing-machine. He and his fellow-workers have certainly set about the business in thoroughgoing fashion, having not only written about pretty nearly everything, but having also contrived to jar the pedestal upon which many an old-fashioned notion of justice and morality has seemed to stand secure. We do not think that these associated iconoclasts have really smashed many images, but they have stirred up a great intellectual rumpus, and they have found a half-educated public ready to applaud their efforts.

This is all very well in a way, because activity is always better than sluggishness in matters of the intellect, and no one will claim that the whole of social truth has been sorted out and packed and labelled. But it is rather amusing to note the sort of following that gathers about our preachers of new gospels. The young men and women, unbalanced for lack of reflection and uninformed for lack of serious educational application, who rally around the new standard bearers, do not greatly impress the judicious observer, because they are so evidently without poise or background. They have not in their hands the touchstones of criticism, whether for ideas or the expression of ideas; and one may shrewdly suspect that they would not know how to use them if they had. They get into a state of great excitement about some modern writer who deals with a vital subject in a third-class way, whereas if they were really acquainted with literature they would know that the same subject had been dealt with in a first-class way long before. So they naïvely go their way, unearthing mare's nests and cygnifying geese, all

the while accompanying their discoveries with gleeful shouts and the deliverance of cocksure judgments. And their most fervent applause goes to the writer whose defiance is expressed in the spirit of the naughty youngster whose

"I disbelieve wholly in everything. There!"
broke up a certain "session of the poets."

These young disciples of a new dispensation seem to believe that their popular prophets are for the first time bringing literature into its own. This is being done by letting down the bars of reticence on all sides, and by noisily disputing the validity of all hitherto accepted beliefs. Now reticence may possibly go too far, but no sane person can deny that there are ugly things in life that had better be kept in the dark corners of consciousness. If they are to be given light and air at all, it must be under the control of a severe artistic discipline, and not under the impulse of a desire for sensational exploitation. An ugly subject is involved in the stories of *Oedipus*, and *Beatrice Cenci*, and *Siegfried* and *Sieglinde*; but it becomes beautiful without offence in the glorious art of *Sophocles* and *Shelley* and *Wagner*. It is the manner and not the matter that counts, and the world has taken a long stride toward decency and fitness in its repudiation of the grosser manner of treatment which found popular favor not so many generations ago. Again, it may be that some of the moral judgments of the world need revising, but it must not be forgotten that there is an immense presumption in favor of the conclusions to which accumulated experience has led, and that the wisdom of the ages is not lightly to be upset. The case for conservatism is not based upon unreasoning prejudice, but partly upon this presumption, and partly upon the instinct which warns the wise that, however strong may appear the argument for some radical innovation, there are sure to come in its train unforeseen and incalculable consequences which may put its advocates to confusion after the mischief is done.

We published not long ago an essay by one of our most valued contributors upon the fight for free raw materials in literature. It was a sober statement of the rightful claim of literature to deal with all subjects of vital human concern,—implying, of course, that the treatment should be informed and responsible. As far as it found fault with existing conditions, it did so because prudery and hypocrisy seem to impede the free motion of the creative spirit, and the rule of "pedants and pedagogues" to be too much in evidence. Among other consequences,

it impelled one novelist to wonder why a recent book of his—a singularly revolting performance—which he asserted to contain more "raw material" than any other book written in America, had received no attention in this journal. The assertion is fully borne out by the contents of the book in question, and it is precisely because its material was still "raw" when offered to the public that we did not deem it deserving of notice. The last thing our essayist would have claimed would be that because literature demands a free supply of "raw materials" it should dump them upon the market in that form, or that it is absolved from all artistic responsibility for their shaping. The essay was not a plea for license, or for slackness of workmanship, or for anything but freedom from the limitations upon choice of theme which, it may freely be admitted, hemmed in somewhat too closely the English writers of the Victorian period. It is one thing to take this position, and quite another to condone the course which in the case of continental literature has of recent years borne such evil fruits. The fight for free raw material will go on, if it be not already won; but with it will go on the fight for restraint, and decency, and artistic form in literature, and in the life which literature at once reflects and moulds, the fight for the principle that hot individual desire does not provide the sole test of conduct, and has no claims that are paramount to those of the social body whereof each individual is a member.

THE SPLENDID YEARS OF MODERN LITERATURE.

Criticism is in the main a discovery of the known, an exploration of the familiar. The contours, the comparative heights, the water-sheds of literary creation and thought are in a state of apparent change. Each generation fixes them to suit itself; but new geodetic surveys are always needed. But every surveyor's report swarms with errors. Literary work, once done, is certain enough in itself, but opinion about it varies. It is like a cloud trying to form a judgment in regard to the solid earth. Nevertheless, the attempt to fix the true relations of the eminences and valleys of human creation must go on. Hardly anything is more important for us than to know what in the literature of the past we ought most to admire and emulate.

What is the most important body of literature produced in modern times? National prejudices, class feelings, the interests and passions of mankind, becloud such an inquiry. One can only offer an opinion and an argument. To me it seems that—setting aside Goethe, who was a world in himself—

the work done by the generation which gave the Romantic revival to England surpasses anything that has been done anywhere else during the last two hundred years.

The English eighteenth-century literature, wonderful as it is in variety and human compass, is distinctly on a lower plane. In effectiveness, the work of the Encyclopædists in France was perhaps as great; but the torches of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot were blown out by the blaze they kindled. Few of their books have intrinsic permanent value. The great French outburst of 1830 was measurably a replica of the preceding English one, to which it was inferior in splendor and genetic power. Chateaubriand and Lamartine inherit from Byron. Hugo and Dumas hold from Scott. Swinburne called Musset Byron's attendant dwarf: perhaps it would be fairer to say that he is Shakespeare's page. Russian literature, built up during the last century, is wanting in light and distinction; it is a literature without fresh air. To an outsider, at least, it seems like a confused and dreary struggle in the dark — the tumult of men in a prison from which they cannot escape. The literature of the Scandinavian peoples sounds a good deal like the shrieks of men undergoing torture. In Italy, Manzoni was of the blood of Scott and Byron; and while Leopardi is unique, he is not large enough to weigh down the scales against the Englishmen. Our American literature, except for the work of one or two poets, is too tame and secondary to come into comparison. And recent English literature seems to see life as through a telescope reversed; everything is small or blurred. Tennyson is the idyllist, a maker of small though perfect things. Carlyle in the company of the great Georgians would almost show like Thersites in the Grecian camp, or like the lame Vulcan on Olympus. Altogether it is hard to see anywhere such a company of proud and peculiar presences, such a senate of intellect, as appeared in England about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

It really began with Burns: for though he belongs to the eighteenth century by his satire and didactic turn, he sounded pretty nearly all the notes of the new era — its rebellion, its romance, its personal passion. He is more like Goethe than any other modern, and as far as he goes he is quite as great. Goethe's most characteristic qualities — intense naturalness and undeviating truth — are more than matched by the author of the Scotch songs, "Tam O'Shanter" and "The Jolly Beggars."

Wordsworth is surely the modern king of the spiritual world. He dwelt in a region beyond the ken of most poets — a place of high tranquillity where the bird of peace sits brooding on the calmed wave. The poet of nature — yes, but his nature is not the catalogue of outward things which even great poets give; it is the verity to which man is only an incident; it is the melting-pot of generations; it is the very body of the Eternal himself.

Coleridge, though he gave a good part of his mind

to the making of Wordsworth, is not spiritual. He is the lord of the supersensuous, of that unreal world of glamor and dream image which is the most real thing in existence for the finer sort of minds. It was his poetry and criticism that really broke the eighteenth century's cast-iron system of common sense, made explicable the great poetry of the past, and gave the new men the keys to that domain.

There are two great divisions among writers — those who speak for themselves, and those through whom others speak, — in other words, the lyric and the dramatic types. Largely this era was a lyric one, an era of great personalities who swept the world with their passion or their grief. But it had its supreme creative artist in Scott, who was objective even in his poetry. It is an Arab superstition that he who draws or paints the picture of a human being must on the Last Day furnish it with a soul to be condemned or rewarded. What an expense Scott would be in that case! And amid the cohorts of the man-created, what a vast and predominant array would owe allegiance to him!

Byron was the dynamo of his generation — the most splendid figure, the greatest force, English literature has produced. Like Tamburlane hollering to the harnessed Kings of Asia, Byron could boast of driving the intellect of Europe in leash. His influence extended everywhere, from Russia to the two Americas. His world was the world of passion and politics and affairs, but in this world his books were events comparable with the French Revolution or the campaigns of Napoleon. And his track is not yet a faded one. The richness and splendor of his literary gifts will keep his works alive when those of Voltaire and Rousseau are comparatively forgotten.

Shelley was the prophet of his time, a Memnon of to-morrow. It only needs a glance at contemporary literature and life to see how much his spirit is awake. The seed ideas that he flung about have taken root, are growing on every side. In a literary way, he brought into the world a haunting strain of music, new and perfect, which must live on even if his ideas and policies wither away.

All these men were something more than writers, but Keats was literature incarnate — the pure artist living for image and expression. Borrowing from the best of his predecessors, he attained such mastery of language that he set his stamp upon two generations of his followers, as Pope did on two generations of his. Perhaps such richly floriated work has been overdone: there is need to recur to the granite foundation-stuff of thought and feeling. But in Keats's mature work there is no weakness. Largeness and loveliness were never more perfectly welded together.

These were the stars of first magnitude in that English constellation. It speaks volumes for their brilliancy when an orb like Landor could roll by unattached, unnoticed; when the novel world of Miss Austen could spring into being in their midst without attracting attention. There is enough good read-

ing in Landor to give us measureless content; Miss Austen is surely the equal of any English novelist, excepting Dickens, since her day; yet when we think of them in connection with the Georgian group, neither of them looms large.

And the satellites of this system were mighty and self-shining lights. There was Moore, a true and tender lyricist who knew better than most of them how to make a song. There was Campbell, whose resonant verse expressed a nation's exultation as it has never been done before or since. There were Hazlitt, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, DeQuincey, and Wilson, —essayists who as a group can hardly be matched in literature. There were writers of single remarkable books — Godwin, Beckford, Mrs. Shelley. All told, the display was dazzling.

It was preeminently an age of poets. Prose has been winning on poetry in every language in modern times. The greatest triumphs of the men of 1830 in France were prose triumphs; and the same may fairly be said of the Victorian writers. But in the English Romantic revival, poetry made its last great stand for supremacy. The verse of Burns and Scott and Byron swept the world. For a time, prose was in eclipse. Now, putting aside any other element of superiority, the concentration of verse gives it a far greater chance of immortality than prose possesses. Verse is to prose as diamonds are to dust. It lasts longer, and value is more easily portable in it. As books accumulate in incredible numbers, it looks as if the race would have to throw away all but the most concentrated and quintessential records of its experience. Time will do what the Caliph Omar did to winnow our libraries. But poetry takes up comparatively little space, and it is easily remembered.

The Georgian era was an era of youth. Nearly all its writers did their great work early, and the majority of them died young. The personalities and actions of the young are certainly more attractive to mankind than those that pertain to mature humanity. Balzac may discover the middle-aged heroine, but she will never displace the Juliets and Gretchens in the affection of the world.

Again, the Georgians were a race of divine amateurs. Among the chiefs, Scott was the only professional author — the only one who deliberately wrote for money. Schopenhauer said that the ruin of literature came about when men found that they could make money by books. A great part of modern literature reads as if it was written to provide frocks for the authors' wives. Those who work with such ulterior motive must keep a wary eye on the market; they must cog and flatter and palter. The Georgians wrote in scorn of consequence. They could play at pitch-and-toss with the universe. They could dare everything.

All in all, then, I think it is tolerably certain that the Georgian outburst was the most important apparition of literary genius that the world has seen in modern times. No single figure of its group is equal to Shakespeare or Milton or Molière or

Goethe. But in the mass they surpass any but the greatest of those. Vast and various as the world's literature has become since, I doubt if taken together it is equal in value to the work of those few years in one country. For one thing, recent literature has taken a turn downward. It has largely exchanged verse for prose; it has mingled with the crowd on the levels, instead of staying with the shining ones on the hills; it has dealt very exclusively with the passive peculiarities of women, rather than with the active energies of men. If we are going to have a great literature again, it seems to me that we must think a great deal on the Georgian epoch.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS, senior surviving member of the great novelist's family, and godson of the late poet-laureate, adds one more to the list of unfortunate occurrences in connection with the celebration, already begun, of the Dickens centenary year. Mr. Snowden Ward, who was to have lectured on the novelist, has been removed by death; the much-advertised Dickens stamp failed to make itself as popular as had been hoped; and now he who was to have played a leading part in the centennial festivities has been abruptly stricken down while lecturing in this country on his father's life and works. The sad event is the more to be regretted because, had Mr. Dickens lived even a little longer, he would have learned with satisfaction of the action now being taken by a number of wealthy Americans, headed by Mr. Henry Clews, the banker, to raise a fund in honor of Charles Dickens and for the aid of those of his descendants to whom such aid is likely to be welcome. Mr. Dickens had been in America since last September, visiting different cities and addressing interested audiences on the unfailingly popular subject, Charles Dickens the man and the writer.

THE INTERESTING OUTCOME OF A PUBLISHING DISPUTE reaches us from Paris. Some time ago comment was made in these columns on M. Anatole France's very natural objection to the publication of a French history which he had written twenty-seven years before as a piece of hack-work, and which had apparently not seemed to the publisher worth printing until its author's increasing fame gave it a factitious value. Unwilling to have his name attached to a crude and immature performance, the writer invoked the aid of the law to prevent it. His counsel, M. Raymond Poincaré, consulted the historian Lavisse in the matter, and Professor Lavisse expressed himself in no uncertain terms. "It is not to be permitted," he said, "that a historian should be forced to publish a history written by him twenty-seven years ago. In so long a period the world has changed, the historian likewise." After dwelling

on the ripening effect of time and experience on any author, he cited the instance of Duruy, the historian of Rome, whose first two volumes, written before his ministry of state, are markedly inferior in richness and power to the subsequent volumes that were written after those years of public life and of history-making in his own person. The compromise finally proposed by the publisher of the work now under discussion was that the date of writing should appear on the first page of the book, to which the party of the other part consented on condition that the cover should bear the further inscription, "Published against the will of M. Anatole France." The publisher not relishing this undesirable form of advertising, the matter was left to the court's decision, which was given in favor of the author, the publisher being ordered to return the MS. and cancel the contract.

LAST YEAR'S LIST OF DEAD AUTHORS includes the names of Antonio Fogazzaro, a novelist of worldwide fame; William S. Gilbert, known to every lover of the mirthful in printed verse and in acted opera of the lighter sort; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the last survivors of that honored company of authors who made New England celebrated in letters; Charles Battell Loomis, master of a wholesome humor that many right-minded readers enjoyed; David Graham Phillips, who achieved much popularity and some distinction as a novelist; Francis A. March, one of the most learned of philologists, who wrote in a way to interest even the unlearned; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, who knew how to point a moral and at the same time tell a love-story; Eugene F. Ware, who achieved national fame as "Ironquill"; Katherine C. Thurston, who wrote at least one novel that was widely read and discussed on two continents; Myrtle Reed, whose books gained many thousands of appreciative readers; and, last in date of decease, John Bigelow, the earliest born and among the foremost in influence and power.

SCHOOLS OF PRINTING IN THE UNITED STATES are a rapidly developing feature of industrial education. A few weeks ago Mr. John Cotton Dana, in an address introducing the second course of lectures at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, ran over the list of such schools, so far as he had been able to gather the necessary information. He enumerated, in addition to the Harvard School, the Inland Printer Technical School in Chicago, under direction of the International Typographical Union Commission on Supplemental Trade Education; the courses in connection with the School of Journalism at the State University of Washington; the instruction in printing at the United States Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.; the North End Union School of Printing, Boston; the New York Trade School, at 67th St. and First Ave., New York; the Empire Mergenthaler Linotype School, 419 First Ave., New York; the Colum-

bus Trade School, Columbus, O.; the Cleveland Elementary Industrial School, Cleveland, O. He omitted those industrial schools for negroes which give practical instruction in printing; at Tuskegee, for instance, and at the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute, Utica, Miss., the students print the monthly papers of their schools, after the necessary teaching and practice.

THE COONSKIN LIBRARY, which came into being one hundred and eight years ago, in Ames Township, Athens County, Ohio, claims no relationship with the Pigskin Library of a century later. Miss Mary E. Downey, library-organizer of Ohio, in her late address before the Federation of Women's Clubs of that state, an address now issued in pamphlet form by the Ohio Board of Library Commissioners, relates the history of the Coonskin Library. Athens County saw but little ready money in the early nineteenth century; but the woods were full of animals clothed in valuable furs, and when one Samuel Brown made a business trip to Boston he took a wagon-load of skins and traded them for books, obtaining fifty-one volumes for the peltry. When the Western Library Association of Ames Township was organized, in 1804, a certain Thomas Ewing, apparently inspired by this experience of Samuel Brown's, contributed ten coonskins, his entire wealth; whence the name "Coonskin Library." He says of it later: "It was well selected; the library of the Vatican was nothing to it, and there never was a library better read." In 1816 the collection suffered some disintegration, a part of it going to Dover upon the formation of the Dover Library Association. Some of the books were given to the Athens Pioneer Association, others were sold to William P. Cutler of Washington County, and still others, in 1876, were sent to the Centennial at Philadelphia and were never returned.

A DICKENS CENTENARY FUND is being raised by the London "Daily Telegraph," the much-discussed Dickens stamp having failed to yield the revenue hoped for by the would-be benefactors of the novelist's five grandchildren who are said to be in not exactly opulent circumstances. The first week's subscriptions to the fund are reported as amounting to a little more than two thousand pounds. Those publishers who have enriched themselves from the sales of the immortal novels are said to be conspicuous by their absence from the company of subscribers. Authors, on the other hand, and especially novelists, have generously responded, the considerable givers including Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Miss Marie Corelli. "Next to Shakespeare and Keats," says Miss Corelli, "Dickens has ever been my closest author-friend."

STUDYING ENGLISH AUTHORS IN THEIR NATIVE HABITAT is to be the agreeable occupation of a class now forming at the University of Chicago under the direction of Professor William D. MacClintock of

the English literature department. It is hoped to enlist about thirty students, and preparation for the summer's work will go on during the winter, and will consist of study of English topography and of English literary history, with attention to the problems of literary technique. The special study to be taken up by these vacationists abroad will be "The Background and Environment, Physical and Human, of Modern English Literature." Similar courses of study have already been engaged in by university classes in Greece, Rome, and Palestine; and the field work is to be modelled after the excursions conducted by the departments of geology and botany. Something unobtainable in the library and the study will doubtlessly be gained by these field-workers. Whether it will bring a richer enjoyment and a fuller understanding of English literature than the stay-at-home can acquire in his arm-chair will of course depend largely on the individual student.

AERONAUTIC FICTION FOR YOUNG READERS is already considerable in quantity, and likely to increase rapidly, though the airship novel for adults has not yet made itself conspicuous. Among juvenile books in this class may be noted Mr. Harry Collingwood's "With Airship and Submarine," Captain F. S. Brereton's "The Great Aeroplane," Mr. W. J. Hopkins's "The Airship Dragon-fly," Mr. Herbert Strang's "King of the Air: To Morocco in an Airship," and Mr. H. L. Sayler's series, "The Airship Boys," "The Airship Boys Adrift," "The Airship Boys Due North," and "The Airship Boys in the Barren Lands." As soon as the staying powers of this wonderful chariot of the skies are somewhat further developed, we shall probably have "Around the World in an Airship" and "To the North Pole in an Airship." Gloriously unfettered by physical laws is the "scientific imagination" of the story-writer.

THE POST-OFFICE SALE OF MISDIRECTED BOOKS, which formed no inconsiderable part of the ten thousand dollars' worth of miscellaneous articles disposed of by auction in last year's clearance sale of postal matter of unascertainable ownership, amounted to one thousand two hundred and twenty-two packages. Nearly every language spoken in our broad land was represented in the collection, which included, as a special curiosity, a Choctaw version of the Book of Psalms. In the entire lot Bibles and books on religious topics predominated. If more than a thousand books were misdirected, how many thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands, must have been carried by the mails! And how many times that number would be thus carried every year if we had, what many another country has, a thorough-going parcels-post system!

AN EARLY BROWNING CENTENARY CELEBRATION seems already to have been held in Boston, where the local Browning Society, at its regular meeting

in December, listened to talks on the poet and his works and examined a fine collection of first editions of the poems, brought from the Browning alcove of the Boston Public Library for the occasion. This collection is said to be the most nearly complete of any in the world, lacking only one item, the "Pauline," Browning's first published work. This volume, as it chanced, the Boston Browning Society once had an opportunity to buy for one hundred and fifty dollars, but let the golden opportunity slip; and now the same stodgy-looking little book commands nearly ten times that amount. This interesting meeting devoted its attention largely to the coming centenary of Browning's birth, in May.

COMMUNICATION.

FACSIMILES OF EARLY ENGLISH TEXTS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

May I ask your good offices to communicate to the members of the Modern Language Association, and others interested, some information which arrived just too late to be reported at the recent meeting of the Association at Chicago? Professor Gollancz writes that arrangements have been made, through the generosity of a private donor, for the publication of the facsimile of the Caedmon MS. by the Oxford University Press for the British Academy, to commemorate the tercentenary of the Authorized Version of the Bible. It is expected that the facsimile will be issued early next year, and it is understood that the rights of American subscribers are to be safeguarded; i.e., subscribers under the last scheme will not be obliged to accept this reproduction, but will have the privilege of renewing their subscriptions at the same price, five guineas. The ordinary published price will not be less than six guineas. Any other member of the Modern Language Association of America who subscribes through the undersigned before the date of publication is to have a copy at the lower price. Professor Gollancz writes that the Early English Text Society has now ready facsimiles of "Cotton Nero Ax" (containing "Pearl," "Cleanness," "Patience," and "Sir Gawayne"), the first issue of the series to commemorate the lamented founder and director of the Society, Mr. Furnivall. The first volume will be limited to 250 copies, and the published price will be three guineas; members of the Modern Language Association who subscribe through the undersigned before March 1 are to have the volume at £2. 5s. The reproduction contains the illustrations as well as the texts, and is of the same size as the MS. In addition to the issue of the whole MS., 150 copies of "Pearl," each page printed on a separate sheet, have been prepared. The price of this volume, or rather portfolio, will be 25 shillings. Subscribers before publication, who are members of the Modern Language Association, may obtain the "Pearl" facsimile for one guinea by ordering through the undersigned. No money is to be sent to me, merely the formal order for the facsimile desired.

J. W. CUNLIFFE,

(Chairman of the M. L. A. Committee for the Reproduction of Early Texts).

University of Wisconsin, Madison, January 8, 1912.

The New Books.

A SOLDIER'S MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS.*

General Miles's book, "Serving the Republic," though covering much of the ground gone over in his "Personal Recollections and Observations of the Civil War and Indian Campaigns," published five years ago, brings in so many new and interesting details, and also contains so excellent though brief an account of the Spanish-American War and his own important albeit unspectacular part therein, as to entitle it to a place beside such military memoirs as Grant's, Sherman's, Sheridan's and Howard's. Campaigns and battles participated in by him are described with soldierly directness and brevity, but not without those occasional turns of expression necessary to impart vividness and picturesqueness to the narrative.

Proud of his New England birth and upbringing, General Miles regards his birthplace (Westminster, Mass.) as the one best place in the world to be born in. "No more ideal setting for innocent and happy childhood," he declares, "could be found than my home, the recollection of which I naturally cherish, and my happiest memories are of that period of my life and the pleasures, influences, and associations that it held." The active sports of a country lad, such as riding, swimming, skating, coasting, ball-playing, hunting and trapping, were engaged in with hearty zest, while the more contemplative pleasures of nature-study also gave him wholesome enjoyment and helped to lay the foundations of a physical constitution that afterward carried him through the hardships of military service. Averse to the studious confinement of a college course, the young man supplemented his high-school education with a few years of commercial experience in Boston; and when the call to arms came in 1861 he found himself, by his early readings and ambitions, irresistibly impelled to take part in the impending conflict. Curiously enough in the light of subsequent events, he was destined at the very outset to encounter petty and irksome hindrance of a political nature. After spending all the money he possessed, and twenty-five hundred dollars that he had borrowed, in raising and equipping a company, and after being chosen captain of the company and duly appointed by the governor, political pressure was brought to bear at the

State house and the commission was revoked. "As I had enlisted to serve my country and not for a war with the Governor of my State," tersely writes the object of this affront, "I reluctantly returned the commission upon which I had been sworn into the service of the general government and accepted the commission of First Lieutenant of Company E, 22d Massachusetts Infantry."

Joining Wadsworth's brigade of FitzJohn Porter's division, the young lieutenant continued with the Army of the Potomac, and rapidly rose, through successive promotions for gallantry and efficiency, to the office of brigadier-general of volunteers in the spring of 1864, when he was not yet twenty-five, and of major-general of volunteers in October of the following year. His brigadier-generalship in the regular army came in 1880, his major-generalship in 1890, and his attainment to his present rank in 1900. Participating in many of the bloodiest battles of the war, General Miles was several times wounded, once so severely as to incapacitate him for active service just when he was most eager to act—in the summer of the Gettysburg fight. A short passage from the writer's account of Antietam will serve to show of what stuff the young officer was made.

"Our brigade moved on to the field in the second line. After the first brigade had become engaged we were called into action and succeeded in turning the right flank of the corps opposed to us, breaking the line and then wheeling to the right and enflading what is known as the Bloody Lane. Our regiment charged the enemy occupying that position, and succeeded in capturing it with over two hundred prisoners and a stand of colors. After the engagement, this sunken road presented one of the most horrible scenes of the war. It was practically filled with dead and wounded, while the ground in front and rear was strewn with bodies of men engaged on both sides. It was here that Colonel Francis C. Barlow, a fearless and accomplished officer, was severely wounded and carried from the field, leaving me in command of the regiment, my first experience as a field officer under fire. However, my first order was to advance, and from the Bloody Lane we drove the enemy through the cornfield and orchard, and remained there, with nothing on our right or left, until ordered back to a line occupied by the other troops."

The author's campaigns against the Indians of the Northwest fill several chapters of his book, and are followed by observations on "Indian Life and Problems," with a reprint of his "North American Review" article entitled "The Indian Problem." From the account of operations leading up to the capture of the redoubtable Chief Joseph, of the Nez Percés, we quote a stirring passage.

"We were early on the march, September 30th, and soon one of our Indians came dashing back, reporting

*SERVING THE REPUBLIC. Memoirs of the Civil and Military Life of Nelson A. Miles, Lieutenant-General, United States Army. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

the discovery of the Indian camp. Without a halt our troops formed line of battle, each trooper secured his cartridge belt, and, with carbine or rifle in hand, galloped forward prepared for action. A more spirited, resolute body of men I have never seen go into battle. Every nerve and fiber seemed to be animated, and every eye sparkled with fire. The transformation of our Indian allies was spectacular and almost instantaneous. The old horses and mules they were riding were rushed into a ravine; their old hats, clothing, and useless paraphernalia were cached; their strong, fresh war ponies, with a rawhide lariat around the necks and under jaws, but without saddles or bridles, were quickly mounted. In full war paint, with gorgeously feathered and beaded war bonnets, buckskin girdles about the loins, moccasins, and rifles and cartridge belts, the warriors were fully equipped for the fray, as gamy a looking body of savages as could be imagined."

Three pithy chapters, "The War with Spain," "Campaigning in Cuba," and "The Capture of Porto Rico," give the significant facts of our late inglorious conflict, which, even in the opinion of this military author, so far as it can be inferred from his discreetly reticent pages, might easily have been avoided and its ultimate objects attained by peaceable means. But, as he remarks, "the advocacy of certain of the press journals, as well as the clamor of a portion of our people, continued until the war frenzy predominated." The retention of the commanding general in this country while his subordinates were sent forth to win glory at San Juan and elsewhere, we find recorded with characteristic brevity by the author; but in closing his narrative of those final movements of his in person which resulted in the Spanish surrender at Santiago and in the bloodless capture of Porto Rico, he does venture on something like criticism, implied rather than direct, of our government's policy. He says:

"I shall always regret that I did not go immediately to the Philippine Islands, as I have always believed that from my experience in other campaigns, and with other people under similar conditions I could have prevented any serious controversy and certainly hostilities between the military forces of the United States and the millions of people of the archipelago. The people of the Philippine Islands had suffered the oppression of foreign rule for three hundred years, and were entitled to the sympathy of the world. With heroic efforts they had contended against their oppressors; they had produced statesmen and patriots of the highest order. Such men as José Rizal and Mabini will ever render the history of their race immortal. They had formed a government and framed a constitution copied after our own."

The author ends his book with the close of his active service in 1903. It is the narrative of a man of action, passing rapidly from event to event, and written in a manner so unostentatiously effective that one is hardly conscious of its excellence until occasionally the writer pauses to indulge in some reflection or general-

ization less happily suited to his genius than the straightforward record of campaigns and battles. To the attainment of accuracy in this record he has, as he says in his preface, devoted his earnest efforts, in order that what he writes may be at least authentic. And so his book is not only very readable and confidence-inspiring history in itself, but also a source from which future writers will draw in compiling the history of our time. Its illustrations include some excellent drawings by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy and Mr. T. de Thulstrup, with many portraits. Maps of Porto Rico and of Western United States are given; also appended matter consisting of the author's "North American Review" article on "Our Unwatered Empire," and his congratulatory General Order to the army from Siboney after the Spanish surrender. A ten-page index closes the book.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE THREE EGYPTS.*

The three books now before the reviewer carry him back to an instructive series of encounters on the Nile. The flies were thick at Luxor, the gently moving dust was persistently penetrative, and the sun was most glaring, when two of our fellow countrymen entered the office of Thomas Cook—abhorred of Pierre Loti, but blessed by countless thousands. "You better get it fixed so we can start back to Cairo tonight, or they will make us go on to Assouan." The words were simple, but as they issued from the stout gentleman's thick red lips they conveyed utter weariness of temples and tombs, supreme contempt for the alleged glories of Egyptian architecture and sunsets on the Nile, and a regular seventeen-seventy-six declaration that henceforth he would live his own life and be bullied no longer into feigned enjoyment of dead Pharaohs, naked fellaheen, and creaking sakiyehs. So he escaped from the trip to Assouan, even as from the shadow of death, and returned to Cairo, where we found him two weeks later. He was perfectly happy. The mixed throngs, the bustle and stir, the very exactions of the "swell" hotels, made him thrill with joy. "Great town this,"

* IN THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS. By Alexandre Moret. Translated by Mme. Moret. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ORIENTAL CAIRO. The City of the "Arabian Nights." By Douglas Sladen. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS. A Short History of Egypt. By Duse Mohamed. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

he kept repeating. "You get the real Egypt here!" All he had seen was the Street of the Camel, and the notorious quarters not far away. He had confused tinsel and bright dyes with genuine oriental color, and had managed to transform a shifting, picturesque, mongrel mob into the embodiment of cosmopolitanism. But the old Egypt of the Pharaohs and their successors had only bored him; Arabic Egypt, still to be found in a few villages or in some parts of Cairo away from the tourist-crowded thoroughfares, had never been revealed to him; and modern Egypt escaped him altogether, for he had no preliminary knowledge either of the economic, industrial, and administrative problems of the country, or of the aspirations and activities of the Nationalist party.

The earliest of the three Egypts our tourist might have enjoyed is represented by the first volume in our present list, which is a translation of six articles appearing originally in the *Revue de Paris*. It gives "a popular account of the interesting but complicated problems raised by the discoveries of the last ten or fifteen years," and inasmuch as it is written by a competent specialist, it represents the only sort of popularizing that should be tolerated on a subject within the field of serious scholarship. Throughout three hundred pages the reader follows a delightful guide who has a right to speak, and each chapter proves much richer than is promised by its modest caption. For instance, in connection with the "Restoration of the Egyptian Temples" we are told not only how the structures are restored but how they were built and how they were destroyed. Indeed, the writer's simple explanation of the use of the inclined plane, of terraced embankments, and of primitive machinery, carries much more enlightenment than is to be gained from many more ambitious essays. Similarly, "Pharaonic Diplomacy" broadens out into administrative methods and international relations. So that by the time we finish "Egypt before the Pyramids," "The Book of the Dead," "Around the Pyramids," and "Magic in Ancient Egypt," we have been neatly introduced to many fields of Egyptology.

Of the disputable views advanced by M. Moret, the most interesting is that the Pharaohs were not essentially tyrants exercising a ruthless rule over their subjects. Only a Frenchman could have put his theory in such attractive form as this:

"In the eyes of their contemporaries, the Pharaohs were rather benefactors, who put great ideas into tangible form and enabled a whole nation to conquer Para-

dise. They could not have carried on their labours during several centuries and achieved such colossal results had they not been supported by popular enthusiasm similar to that which, less than nine centuries ago, promoted the construction of the European cathedrals. The beautiful lines of Sully Prudhomme describe a mason who died, despised, while building the pyramid and crying out in vain:

'Il monte, il va, cherchant les dieux et la justice . . .'
[He climbs, he mounts, seeking gods and justice . . .]

Yet, this is not the complaint of a victim, it is the clamour of a whole primitive nation, a cry of hope, of fear, of will, rejoicing that a way to heaven has been forced open by the triangular apex of the pyramid."

The theory is really too beautiful; and at the risk of seeming presumptuous we must state that the evidence seems inadequate, and confess our adherence to a modified form of the traditional theory that found expression in Herodotus and has been held in some form or other ever since. But even our moments of occasional disagreement are pleasurable; and we are glad to praise a modest and successful presentation. The book is clearly printed, neatly bound, and helpfully illustrated.

To our second volume, "Oriental Cairo," we must apply the adjective "popular" in a radically different sense. Mr. Sladen found that Cairo included a glorious mediæval city of the Arabian Nights, with innumerable monuments of mediæval Arab architecture and unspoiled native life — in short, the second of our three Egypts. To this he strives to call attention in a book that he hopes to make "chatty and interesting." And he unquestionably succeeds; but it seems that he pays rather a ghastly price for his success. Obviously, his modest aims forbid criticism on questions of scholarship, or even of accuracy; so we omit any such considerations. But why will a clever man be driven by his enthusiasm to perpetrate enormities like the following: "The desert is well named. It is very deserted." "The head of the Sphinx — the most subtle pieces of sculpture the world ever produced." "The statue of Chephren, who built the second Pyramid of Gizeh, and has an expression as subtle as that of Leonardo da Vinci's Monna Lisa." If such absurdities, together with countless impertinent reflections, were eliminated, the material reorganized with a view to orderly presentation, the superlatives brought under reasonable control, and the whole worked over with patient care, we should have had a really welcome book, such as Mr. Sladen at his best is easily capable of writing. Even as it is, we have enjoyed much of it; and the prospective leisurely tourist ought to enjoy more. By reading the book he will not only become theo-

retically familiar with our second Egypt, he will also learn "How to Shop in Cairo," as well as how to enjoy the "Humors of the Esbekiya" and countless other entertaining features of this variegated modern capital. He will even know the "Artist's Bits in Cairo," and will receive explicit directions how to find them. In other words, he need no longer be a "tame tourist" in the hands of a masterful dragoman. The book itself has a plump, prosperous, and pleasing air, eminently befitting the readable contents.

In his preliminary note Mr. Sladen claimed for his volume "the saving grace of making no political comment upon Egyptians"; but by the time of the fourth appendix he quotes with evident glee the text of Mr. Roosevelt's "great speech on Egypt at the Guildhall." With this he brings us to our third Egypt, which is the real theme of Mr. Duse Mohamed's militant volume. The author is the son of an Egyptian officer and a Nubian mother, and "since 1884 has practically resided in England, where he began his education in 1876." He takes up his work in the present volume with "Ismail the Magnificent," and gives a history of Egypt, with a running comment, from that period to the present. He is a thoroughgoing Nationalist, and his book may be strongly recommended to all readers who wish to examine that side of a very difficult problem. Some will believe that Mr. Mohamed frequently weakens his own case by over-straining or by irrelevance. For instance, he evidently wishes to suggest that the murderer of Boutros Pasha was unfairly convicted, because the Egyptian doctors differed from the English in holding that the victim died from the operation rather than from the wound; and the much-discussed Guildhall speech of Mr. Roosevelt, "a globe-trotting and scribbling interloper," goads him into a virulent attack on the United States. This onslaught may or may not be deserved; but it can scarcely be said to bear on the question of Egyptian Nationalism, nor is it likely to make friends for the cause either in America or England. A leading Nationalist, to whom the reviewer became deeply indebted while in Egypt, once stated that their prominent writers generally injured their cause before they reached the end of a book; and he seems to have been right. It would really be an easy task to write plausibly in favor of Nationalism by appealing to the general sympathy felt by mankind toward the aspirations of any people, and by dwelling upon certain undeniable mistakes of the English controlling body, as in the Denshawai affair. But invariably the pub-

lishing partisans allow their emotions to carry them into arguments that are invalid and positions that are untenable. However, our author errs no more seriously than the majority of his co-workers; and his arraignment of Great Britain is well worth reading. One of his most entertaining chapters treats of "The People of Egypt," but even here his opportunity to make converts is lost by the tendencies to which we have referred. In writing for prejudiced English or Americans,—and we are hopelessly prejudiced on the marriage question,—an advocate does not strengthen his case by going out of his way to insist that "a religious system which equalizes the status of several wives, and which specially insists on the husband treating each wife with the same kindness and consideration, by placing each wife on a basis of equality, makes for a higher standard of morality than the evidently galling monogamy of the West." Similarly, we are hard to convince that "Science is the Life of Islam," at least in our comprehension of the word science. The reviewer is not only a lover of the Orient, but a strong advocate of peaceful national development the world over, wherever it is possible; yet he cannot feel that the supporters of Egyptian self-government make a strong showing at present. However, it is to be hoped that both in England and America a patient and careful hearing will be given to all such genuine enthusiasts as the author of "In the Land of the Pharaohs."

As a closing word, it should be urged that Egypt is well worth seeing and knowing. If the American traveller would give even a single intelligent month to the Nile Valley, he would be not less delighted than surprised at the richness of his gleanings. In the presence of Karnak or Philæ, or the Tombs of the Kings, he must not expect the rhapsodic raptures felt, or at any rate described, by such veteran thrillers as Loti or Hichens; but he may experience a genuine tugging at the heartstrings that will leave its effect forever. He must not look for the never-ending variety and brooding charm of the real East as found in India; but at any rate he will discover enough of the Orient to afford a vivid contrast to his own western world. And if one may not demand that thirty days shall shed final light on the vexed problem of British control or national self-government, one may see many significant indications to help toward an intelligent conclusion. But the implied advice that one should read widely and studiously before his visit, would obviously not be needed here.

F. B. R. HELLEMS.

BOOKS ABOUT WILD ANIMALS.*

The strenuous life of a hunter-naturalist in Sub-Arctic America, among the Ogilvie and Selwyn Rockies and Pelly Mountains, about the headwaters of the rivers Macmillan, Pelly, and Ross, in 1904 and 1905, is related in Mr. Charles Sheldon's "Wilderness of the Upper Yukon." The work reveals a keen observer and skilful recorder of the animal life of the northern wilderness whose facile pen enlivens the narrative of camp routine or oft-repeated story of successful chase or stalk of the mountain sheep, caribou, moose, or grizzly bear, amid crags and snowfields above timber-line or in forest fastnesses. Photographs of his trophies — magnificent bighorn rams, taken as they lay victims of his cunning and marksmanship — abound in the book. The author is primarily a sportsman, and defends the bloody and ruthless extermination of these superb animals on the ground of his love of nature!

"The hunter-sportsman is a strange combination, possessed by the fascination of hunting and killing the animals that he loves. . . . I never knew a true hunter, be he the rough pioneer or the cultured man, who did not have an intense fondness for the wild animals, a strong interest in studying them and protecting them, and also a desire to alleviate and prevent their suffering; yet there still persists his paradoxical love of hunting and killing them. . . . The time may come when most of us will undertake to work, endure, and suffer the hardships of the wilderness, prompted only for love of it for its own sake. But to many of us, in our present state, hunting prevents the mere contemplative indulgence in the beautiful from producing effeminateness." Blood is not the only, and possibly not the best, sustenance upon which to rear a virile race. The instinct of play and the love of nature do not, for most normal men, need the rifle or shotgun for their adequate expression. The long ranged Mannlicher and split-nosed bullets in the hands of sportsmen in a few more years will completely exterminate all the big game animals of the wilderness of the Northwest unless governmental protection shall effectively preserve them for the enjoyment of

*THE WILDERNESS OF THE UPPER YUKON. A Hunter's Explorations for Wild Sheep in Sub-Arctic Regions. By Charles Sheldon. With forty-seven plates from photographs, four colored plates from paintings by Carl Rungius, and four maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC IN THE WHALER AURORA. By David Moore Lindsay, F.R.G.S. Illustrated by fifty-six plates from photographs. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

THE LIFE OF A TIGER. By S. Eardley-Wilmot, C.I.E., Author of "Forest Life and Sport in India." Illustrated by Iris Eardley-Wilmot. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE ANIMALS AND THEIR STORY. By W. P. Westell, F.L.S., M.B.O.U. With one hundred photographs and eight colored plates by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

later generations. The plea that the sportsman's bloody business is a necessary panacea for effeminateness in lovers of the wilderness and mountain heights, seems inconclusive if not indeed immoral. Some very illuminating observations are recorded in this book concerning the keenness of the power of scent and its dominance over vision in the controlling behavior of these wild and timid creatures of the crags, as well as some practical and seemingly well-founded criticisms of Thayer's theory of concealing coloration as applied to these animals in their native environment. The book has good maps, scientific appendixes, colored plates after paintings by the artist Rungius made in the field, and abundant and generally admirable illustrations (barring those of the carcasses) picturing the scenery of mountain and stream, the trophies of the hunt, and the features of camp-life in the wilderness.

The havoc which man plays with the animal life of the land is exceeded, if possible, by his exploitation of the mammals of the sea. A very clear idea of the nature and extent of this wholesale slaughter can be gained from Mr. David Moore Lindsay's "Voyage to the Arctic in the Whaler Aurora," which recounts the experiences of a surgeon-naturalist on a trip from Dundee to the seal fisheries of Newfoundland and a whaling cruise in Greenland waters. The Aurora took 28,150 seals on this cruise, and the annual yield of these fisheries is from 300,000 to 600,000 seals. Improved methods in capture and more rigorous search for the booty have led to a gradual falling off in the catch, as in the case of the whale fisheries, though petroleum and the electric light are in part responsible for the decline of the latter. The author gives a very interesting and extremely vivid account of the daily routine on a whaler, and relates many an exciting tale of adventure and disaster amid the storms, the darkness, and the drifting ice, in the midst of which the hardy race of fisher-folk ply their venturesome trade and win a meagre and fluctuating reward for their labors. Additional interest attaches to this work because of the fact that the "Aurora" in the cruise here narrated took part in the search for the ill-fated Greely Expedition. The book is handsomely illustrated with over sixty reproductions from photographs. It is replete with information pertaining to actual operations in the whaling and sealing industries, and abounds in whaler's lore.

The portrayal of the natural history of the tiger, king of the Indian jungle, is the aim of Mr. S. Eardley-Wilmot's "The Life of a Tiger."

It takes the form of a biographical sketch, into which fanciful outline has been woven the experiences and observations of one evidently familiar at first hand with the sport of tiger hunting and the varied and interesting life of the Indian jungle. The work is exceptionally well written, and is free from those exaggerations, sentimentalities, and forced anthropomorphisms, which not infrequently mar the efforts of those who seek to reveal the life of the wilds or to stimulate the reader's interest in natural history. One feels that it is a real tiger in an actual jungle whose vicissitudinous life and sad end the author relates. The numerous artistic pen-sketches and photographs illustrative of the life of the jungle are worthy of the text.

A somewhat matter-of-fact and circumstantial account of the mammals to be seen in most well-stocked zoological gardens is to be found in Mr. W. P. Westell's "The Animals and their Story." He assorts his menagerie, according to the nature of the habitats of the animals composing it, into denizens of the forest and jungle, of the plains and deserts, of the hills and mountains, and the prowlers of the night. This division leads to some incongruity, for we find the American timber-wolf treated as a part of the fauna of the plains and deserts, the wapiti as belonging to the hills and mountains, and the beaver as a prowler of the night. The work is descriptive in character, and is supplemented by apt quotations from authorities on matters of interest or mooted questions — such, for example, as the non-protective character of the striping of the zebra. A very valuable feature of the work lies in the hundred or more excellent photographs, by Mr. W. S. Berridge, of animals from life, some of which are indeed most happy poses quite free from straining bars or paddocks which detract from the æsthetic value of certain otherwise effective pictures. The eight colored plates are happy in design but ineffectively executed. The book will be a valuable addition to the reference libraries of our schools whose pupils have access to a zoological garden.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOLD.

THE CASE OF A FAMOUS ANARCHIST.*

It was on the 13th of October, 1909, that Francisco Ferrer Guardia was shot at the fortress of Montjuich, above Barcelona, in Spain, for "playing the part of chief in a military rebellion." Ten months later, Mr. William

Archer arrived in that city, commissioned by "Scribner's Magazine" to collect all available data for determining, if possible, not whether Ferrer's views were reasonable, not whether Ferrer's life was a useful one, not whether Ferrer had in the course of his life been guilty of crime, but simply and solely whether he was proved guilty of the offense for which he lost his life. It is true that all of the points suggested are touched on incidentally; but as to the main purpose of the investigation, Mr. Archer arrives at the unhesitating conclusion that the judgment was absolutely unwarranted by the evidence.

Born in 1859, within a few miles of the scene of his death, beginning life as a railway clerk, Ferrer removed to Paris in 1885, and gained a livelihood by acting as translator, copyist, and teacher of Spanish, until he succeeded in persuading an elderly maiden lady to leave him her fortune. The legitimacy of the means used to accomplish this end have nothing to do with the case, although Mr. Archer is of the opinion that there was nothing so reprehensible in them as has sometimes been assumed. He had quarrelled with his wife (his daughters agree that the fault was principally if not entirely hers), had separated from her, and, not being able to secure a divorce, had nevertheless lived successively with three other women. Such conduct is unquestionably open to criticism, especially from the point of view of Anglo-Saxon morality; but it seems very distantly related to the question of his death, his Clerical critics to the contrary notwithstanding. Somewhat more to the point, however, is the fact that he had early become an anarchist, that he was a very active propagandist of subversive doctrines, that he maintained a school in Barcelona where anti-religious and anti-governmental doctrines were taught, and, more than all this, that he had actually championed violent means of resisting existing institutions. But all evidence of a belief in the efficacy of violence comes from writings which appeared at least seventeen years before his death, while proof is abundant that during the last years of his life he placed his reliance entirely in education as a means to the enlightenment which will eventuate in a peaceful revolution, and deprecated all attempts at abbreviating the process. The assertion of his enemies that he had decided that the Spanish nation had been sufficiently educated by July, 1909, is too puerile to deserve an answer. It is curious to note that Mr. Archer has not found evidence of the complicity of a single one of Ferrer's pupils

*THE LIFE, TRIAL, AND DEATH OF FRANCISCO FERRER. By William Archer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

in the excesses of the "Red Week" at Barcelona.

But our theme is the trial itself. During the last week of July the population of Barcelona rose in open revolt because of the calling out of reservists for the unpopular Moroccan war. Thirty churches were burned, and the city was in a state of absolute anarchy for sixty hours. Troops were called in from other parts of the country, and the revolution put down with considerable bloodshed, most of it lost by the inhabitants (so that if the rioters were, as the prosecutor represented in his plea, "drunk with blood," it must have been their own that intoxicated them). Then Francisco Ferrer, who lived near Barcelona and had for some years been carrying on in the city itself—somewhat sporadically, it is true, (not because of any lack of consecutive energy on his part, but because the authorities had fits of nervousness)—a radical school and publishing business, and who was generally regarded by his peasant neighbors in the country and his Clerical enemies in the city as a heretic of Satanic impulses and almost Satanic powers, was arrested and tried for inciting and leading a rebellion whose leaders seem really to have been almost as completely out of sympathy with him as his prosecutors were. Of numerous strange circumstances attending his arrest, perhaps the strangest is that before the case was tried, and consequently before anyone had data for deciding whether the arrest had any justification, his captors were rewarded by the government, one with "the Order of Isabella the Catholic"—a very appropriate testimonial for the apprehender of a heretic—the others with medals and sums of money.

And now comes the hearing, which is given in great detail in Mr. Archer's volume, with translations of all testimony and all documents which came up for discussion. In his presentation of the evidence, Mr. Archer makes a great show of impartiality, but of course finds it utterly impossible to remain unmoved in the face of so sickening a record of judicial murder. That he at least came, in the course of his investigation, to have another purpose than the merely objective statement of fact, is shown by such admissions as that "I have refrained from inquiring too closely into details, because . . . the whole truth . . . must not yet be published" (p. 151). But his caution presumably does not affect the accuracy or completeness of his version of the proceedings at the trial.

Ferrer was convicted by a military tribunal, because under the Spanish law an offense against the Army must be tried by the Army,—by a

colonel, that is, who is only a temporary and improvised judge, hence an incompetent one, with counsel who suffer the same disabilities, and in a ridiculously short time. Ferrer's trial lasted five hours. His attorney had had twenty-four hours to study the case and was allowed one hour for his plea. The prisoner was dead in ninety-six hours from the time his hearing began—a record of promptness which it would be hard to duplicate in modern criminal annals.

It is sometimes a disadvantage to be celebrated and to have all eyes upon one. Thus, Ferrer, who had decided during this year of 1909 to publish a Spanish edition of Prince Kropotkin's last book, sent 900 francs to Barcelona for "La Grande Révolution," which was interpreted by the police to mean that he had financed the riots. An article of his publication entitled "Le Dynamisme Atomique" was assumed by the authorities to be a treatise on dynamite; and a translation of Poe's "Raven" was seen to be clearly anarchistic, since the author had set a "bust of Pallas" just above his "chamber door." (Pallas was the anarchist who threw a bomb at Marshal Martínez y Campos in 1898).

The evidence presented falls under four heads. There are, first, expressions of unsupported opinion and hearsay. Thus, Colonel Ponte of the Guardia Civil asserts that Ferrer was active in riots which occurred in the villages of Masnou and Premiá, basing his assertion on confidences whose author or authors he is not at liberty to reveal. Jiménez Moya states that *in his opinion* the rebellion started with Ferrer. Verdaquer Callis makes a similar statement on the strength of *intelligence which he has no means of verifying*. Emiliano Iglesias believes, as does Baldomero Bonet. García Magalón was told by a journalist named Pierre *that he had heard it said*.

Second is a mass of irrelevant accusation. Lorenzo Ardid states that Ferrer left a *café* suddenly on the afternoon of the first day of the rioting, because certain apologists of authority were present. Two soldiers saw a man in a blue suit and a straw hat in a group of people on a public square. Francisco Domenech says that Ferrer told him that he had prepared an address to the government demanding the cessation of embarkation for Africa; and so on.

Third is matter which if substantiated would have a certain weight. Most important under this head is the testimony of the journalist Colldefons, who saw Ferrer "leading a group" during the rioting. But Colldefons had never seen Ferrer before, and identified him only from a photograph he had seen of him. He saw him

"between seven-thirty and eight-thirty in the evening," hence by the deceptive light of the street-lamps. If we take this statement in connection with Domenech's evidence that Ferrer walked home with him the night before, eleven miles out from Barcelona, reaching home at five o'clock in the morning, and if we remember that there were no trains running that day, it would seem very unlikely that Ferrer was "leading a group" in Barcelona at seven-thirty that evening. But a group of Republicans from the villages of Masnou and Premià de Mar agree that Ferrer urged the proclamation of the Republic, and tried to incite to convent-burning in those villages during the Red Week. The evidence of these gentlemen is perhaps rendered a little dubious by the fact that they had all themselves been imprisoned for sedition and were testifying to save their own skins.

Lastly, we have the documentary evidence — the manuscript proclamation of 1892 which we have already hinted at, and which has no necessary bearing on conditions in 1909, and a dilapidated type-written manifesto which the police claim to have found in Ferrer's house a month after the riots, a paper containing three letters inserted in ink (a "t" and a "ba") which the handwriting experts say "might have been written by Ferrer."

Ferrer's own evidence was not flawless. He contradicts himself on several minor points, and fails to tell what later investigation has shown to be the whole truth with regard to several others. But this reticence and uncertainty can be adequately explained by his anxiety not to implicate others.

And thus a narrow and fanatical mediocrity, of excellent intentions, who had perhaps done some good in the world, — for his school, with all its faults, was better than the inexpressible State schools, — was persecuted and done to death for insufficient cause, and thus a second-rate intelligence who would scarcely have been known outside his own city was crowned with martyrdom; thus the Spanish Catholic Church, which it is no disparagement of the Catholic Church in general to qualify as one of the rottenest institutions in existence, dealt itself such a blow as its cleverest enemy could scarcely have given it; thus a ministry fell and an uncertain monarchy tilted a degree further from stable equilibrium. It is not only Christian martyrs whose blood bears fruit.

Mr. Archer's book is a conscientiously accumulated mass of evidence rather than a narrative. It might have been considerably smaller,

and it might have been easier to follow with a somewhat different arrangement; but such as it is, it will probably remain for English-speaking readers the best and completest source of information on a subject which has considerable interest and a certain historical importance.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

RECENT POETRY.*

Interest and beauty in profusion and goodly variety are to be found in the volume which collects the poems of Miss Katharine Lee Bates, and which is entitled "America the Beautiful." Here, for example, in "The First Voyage of John Cabot," is a historical incident effectively crystallized:

"He chases shadows," sneered the Bristol tars,
'As well fling nets to catch the golden stars
As climb the surges of earth's utmost sea.'
But for the Venice pilot, meagre, wan,
His swarthy sons beside him, life began
With that slipt cable, when his dream rode free.

"And Henry, on his battle-wrested throne,
The Councils done, would speak in musing tone
Of Cabot, not the cargo he might bring.
'Man's heart, though morsel scant for hungry crow,
Is greater than a world can fill, and so
Fair fall the shadow-seekers!' quoth the king."

The capricious lines "In the Philippines" yield this touch of bitter truth in harmonious expression:

"The flag that dreamed of delivering
Shudders and droops like a broken wing.
"Silvery rice-fields whisper wide
How for home and freedom their owners died."

The tribute to Christina Rossetti opens with this beautiful stanza:

"It was little for her to die,
For her to whom breath was prayer,
For her who had long put by
Earth-desire;

*AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL, and Other Poems. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

THE SINGING MAN. A Book of Songs and Shadows. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE OVERTURE, and Other Poems. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SUMMER OF LOVE. By Joyce Kilmer. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

THE SAILOR WHO HAS SAILED, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Co.

AT THE SILVER GATE. By John Vance Cheney. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

NEW POEMS. By Stephen Coleridge. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press.

POEMS OF MEN AND HOURS. By John Drinkwater. London: David Nutt.

THE WANDERER, and Other Poems. By Henry Bryan Binns. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

SONGS OF THE ROAD. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE INN OF DREAMS. By Olive Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas). New York: John Lane Co.

VERSES. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Co.

Who had knelt in the Holy Place
And had drunk the incense-air,
Till her soul to seek God's face
Leapt like fire."

There are many such personal tributes in the collection, but none more heartfelt and tender than that inscribed to Sophie Jewett, of which one of the stanzas may be given:

"Thou art not of the shadows, ah, not thou,
Our Dryad soul, the soul of April woods
Where flames of color, caught from bough to bough,
And winds of fragrance blend beatitudes.
Not in the withered groves whose phantoms follow
Like drifted leaves the feet of Proserpine,
Not in the whispering midnights dim and hollow,
Shall love re-capture that lost grace of thine;
Beauty and light are with thee where thou art;
We grope thy pathway by the haunted heart."

These bits, which are all that we may quote, give but a faint idea of the wealth of the volume as a whole. Thus brought together, the work of Miss Bates may be clearly seen to entitle her to a place in the front rank of our American women who are also poets.

The high rank of another of these women — Miss Josephine Preston Peabody — hardly needs to be asserted since the success of "The Piper," and there is no surprise for us, no need for revaluation, in her new book, "The Singing Man." The deep-set of social sympathy is felt in the titular poem, whose thought is that of "those unnumbered who pay all the heavier cost of life, to live and die without knowledge that there is any Joy of Living." The toiler sings no more, for the skies are dark above him, and his eyes must be fixed upon the task which gains for him his bread. It is the poet who must voice his inarticulate cry.

"Oh, in the wakening thunders of the heart,
The small lost Eden, troubled through the night,
Sounds there not now, — forbidden and apart,
Some voice and sword of light:
Some voice and portent of a dawn to break? —
Searching like God, the ruinous human shard
Of that lost Brother-man Himself did make,
And Man himself hath marred?"

"It sounds! — And may the anguish of that birth
Seize on the world; and may all shelters fail,
Till we behold new Heaven and new Earth
Through the rent Temple-vail!
When the high-tides that threaten near and far
To sweep away our guilt before the sky, —
Flooding the waste of this dishonored Star,
Cleanse, and o'erwhelm, and cry! —"

"Cry, from the deep of world-accusing wars,
With longing more than all since Light began,
Above the nations, — underneath the graves, —
'Give back the Singing Man!'"

This sense of the human tragedy, thrilled with the note of hopefulness, is found in many of the remaining pieces. We turn for relief to the sonnet called "Noon at Pæstum," which we are minded to take for a second quotation because it recalls the solemn joy of a summer noon of our own long years ago, spent in solitary communion with the temples and the hills and the sea.

"Lord of the Sea, we sun-filled creatures raise
Our hands among the clamorous weeds, — we too.
Lord of the Sun, and of the upper blue,
Of all To-morrow, and all yesterdays,
Here, where the thousand broken names and ways
Of worship are but shards we wandered through,
There is no gift to offer, or undo;
There is no prayer left in us, only praise.

"Only to glory in this glory here,
Through the dead smoke of myriad sacrifice; —
To look through these blue spaces, blind and clear,
Even as the seaward gaze of Homer's eyes;
And from uplifted heart, and cup, to pour
Wine to the Unknown God. — We ask no more."

"The Overture, and Other Poems" is a volume of verse by Mr. Jefferson Butler Fletcher. "The Overture" is a dramatic sketch in which Richard, Cosima, and Hans play the parts of Tristan, Isolt, and Mark, accompanied by Wagnerian music on the piano. When Mark discovers the intrigue, he dashes cold water upon the guilty wife's heroics. To the latter shrieking, "Kill me!" he replies:

"Tut, tut! you have mistaken your stage-cue:
I am no more King Mark than — Isolt you,
Or Tristan he. I am a plain trousered man
Whose wife fancies another trousered man."

Mr. Fletcher also writes about other frail ladies, Lilith in particular, and usually in lines sawn into a semblance of blank verse. He can be quite sardonic at times, as in "The Children's Hour."

"As we staid elders at the children's hour
Give out some riddle stale long, long ago,
And listen amused, as down the eager row
In turn each tries his Oedipean power;
So sit the indulgent gods; before them our
Most sapient masters of all those who know.
Just now one Nietzsche guesses. La Rochefoucauld
Applauds; and Voltaire nudges Schopenhauer.
Again the Delphian draws his question; ages
To ages echo each response; and men
Painfully hearken. Meanwhile old Vulcan nods;
The Cyprian plays Minerva, souls for gages;
Jove kisses Psyche; Cupid pouts — and then
Peals the low belling laughter of the Gods."

Sometimes the author is simple and natural, as in "The Daisy Field," and then we like him best.

"Man looked upon the sky by night,
And loved its tender azure, bright
With many a softly beaming light;
And sang his Maker's praises.

"The sun declares Thee in Thy dread;
But from the stars Thy peace is shed;
Would that by day they comforted!
God heard; and made the daisies.

"All in a firmament of green
Their golden orbs now float, serene,
Twinkling with rays of silvery sheen,
To comfort him who gazes."

Mr. Butler also makes beautiful translations from Petrarch and other Italian poets.

Sonnets and lyrics upon the ancient theme of love, varied with an occasional ballad, make up the contents of Mr. Joyce Kilmer's "Summer of Love." We give a sonnet called "Love's Thoroughfare."

"As down the primrose path of Love I trod
The golden flowers kissed my eager feet,
The wayside trees with singing birds were sweet,
The summer air was like the smile of God.
'Turn back!' said one, 'escape the avenging rod.
Soon thou the deathless flames of Hell shalt meet.'
But I pressed on and thought of no retreat,
Till soon with fire I was clothed and shod.

"But through the burning vales of Hell where flow
The molten streams of bitterest despair,
Made blind by pain I stumbled on, and lo!
I stood at last in Love's own perfumed air.
So, having reached my journey's end, I know
That God made Hell to be Love's thoroughfare."

The same thought is expressed, and with even more effectiveness, in "The Morning Meditations of Frère Hyacinthus," which is too long for quotation. It is, of course, the familiar Paolo and Francesca situation, which has appealed to many a passionate poet since Dante.

Mr. Benjamin Low sings of "The Sailor Who Has Sailed," and brought back the freightage of experience, in the following strain:

"There is treasure-trove in my hands, but gold
I bring not back with me;
There are songs on deck and in the hold,
But no wild minstrelsy.

"I have dreamed the dream of the unknown sea;
I have sailed from the sightless shore;
I have looked in the eyes of reality,
And I am young . . . no more."

"The Vigil-at-Arms" is a fine poem of some length, revealing the inmost soul of the night-watcher, its alternating moods of doubt and hopefulness, as the darkness wanes and the dawn draws near. These are the closing stanzas:

"I am afraid, Lord, is it thither thou
Would'st have me go?
I am afraid, and would wend backward now
Where violets grow:
My heart is fickle for the fields, I yearn
Once more at eve to see my windows burn;—
Once more, ah, let me, down old paths to turn,—
I love them so.

"Nay!—'tis the morrow, yonder leaded panes
No more are dim
With dark-browed infidels, but are the fane
Of seraphim;
And holy saints and warriors are dight
With jewelled colors flaming in their flight,
And out of heaven, wrapt in lovely light,
The rafters swim.

"It is the morrow, Lord, the sweet airs blow
Up the long nave,
And plight the day's full troth, yet . . . ere I go,
One thing I crave:
Thou that art death, and ridest on a sword;
Thou that art love, upon a cross adored;
Thou that art life, and life eternal, Lord . . .
Let me be brave!"

The high spirituality of these verses is found in many other pages of the volume, and is perhaps the most distinctive note of the whole collection.

Mr. John Vance Cheney, who has become once more a poet of California, bringing back to his old-

time haunts a store of rich reflection and ripe experience, makes us realize anew the wealth of poetical material offered by the natural beauty, the Indian legendry, and the romantic history of the Pacific Coast. His lines "Before the Portrait of Padre Junipero" may be taken to exemplify this offering of California verse.

"Faithful the nameless radiance still
Upon these features; never dies
The light that did his spirit fill,
The halt priest with the heavenly eyes.

"It lamped his feet through the long night,
He walked where now the ruins are,—
The one unbroken mother-light
Running from roses to the star.

"His heart-beat was the Mission chime;
The lowly leader keeps his place.
The stars will wear it while they climb,
The light upon this friar's face."

Mr. Cheney's volume is called "At the Silver Gate," and is beautifully illustrated by many photographs.

Simple sentiments and thoughts, embodied in unpretending verse, are offered us by the "New Poems" of Mr. Stephen Coleridge. We choose "Laus Amori" for our quotation.

"Love wisely if you have the wit
Nor suffer it beyond control,
Love as the angels if you can
Let passion sanctify the soul."

"Love while the blood throbs in the veins,
Love while the rosy lips are pure,
Love while the breath of life is strong
While love's long ecstasies endure.

"Love in the morning's pageantry,
In the fierce sun's creative light;
Love in the evening's yielding hour,
And in the sacramental night.

"Love while the earth lasts underneath
And the great firmament above.
Love to the depths of time and space,
For love is God, if God be love!"

Mr. Coleridge has a prefatory note in which he tells us how his verses came to be first published in this country, and, incidentally, that our heart is in the right place in spite of the fact that we countenance the antics of the spelling deformers. "It may divert a youthful and irreverent press to play fantastic tricks before high heaven with the spelling of our august and glorious speech, but the consecrated phrases that well up from the beating heart of our race telling of freedom, honour, love, mercy, and peace appeal instantly to something common to us all."

Mr. John Drinkwater's "Poems of Men and Hours" are grave and decorous compositions, cunningly fashioned, and appealing to the reflective mind. "The Soldier" is a favorable example.

"The large report of fame I lack,
And shining clasps and crimson scars,
For I have held my bivouac
Alone amid the untroubled stars.

"My battlefield has known no dawn
Beclouded by a thousand spears;
I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
To buy his glory with my tears.

"It never seemed a noble thing
Some little leagues of land to gain
From broken men, nor yet to fling
Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

"Yet I have felt the quickening breath
As peril heavy peril kissed —
My weapon was a little faith,
And fear was my antagonist.

"Not a brief hour of cannonade,
But many days of bitter strife,
Till God of his great pity laid
Across my brow the leaves of life."

A group of tributes to the poets — Swinburne, Meredith, Watson, and Hardy — is one of the most pleasing features of this modest volume.

"The Wanderer, and Other Poems," by Mr. Henry Bryan Binns, is graciously heralded by a frontispiece photogravure of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus." This provides the titular poem — a dialogue between the Earth Spirit and the Winds — with its theme. It is the Earth Spirit who asks,

"What ear is this ye blow?
And what is this white Blossom of the cool grey Sea
That worshipping ye hasten Her, and throw
Flowers after Her in glee?
And wherefore is she inwardly so bright
That, all and every whit,
Her body with delight
Illumined is, and like a pearl is it?"

"And tell me, tell me, wherefore are Her eyes
Purposeful, infinite,
Transcending any thought,
As though unto the Sea the streams had brought,
From the mountains where they rise,
High ultimate passion
Of tempest and of stress,
Out of its wonder, in the deeps, to fashion
This loveliness?"

Mr. Binns is not solely preoccupied with the world of fancy; the world of men also engages his attention, particularly in "The Building of the City," a longish poem from which we make this excerpt:

"To every citadel of wrong
Her stones cry out a battle-song;
She is so wrought of manly stuff
The nations have not power enough
To silence her: her heart is free
From any fear of any: She
Can take the world's assaulting shock
Built so on the Living Rock.

"I see the city being wrought
Upon the rock of Living Thought;
Upon her rising walls I look,
And every stone is like a book
Of many milk-white pages, fair
Imprinted, with a loving care;
While on each lovely page is set
Word of a wisdom lovelier yet."

Mr. Binns's pages are few, but they are like the pages to which the stones of his city are likened — touched with distinction and the gleam of the ideal.

Sir Arthur Doyle has picked up the Kipling banjo, and twangs it to much the same effect as its original possessor. Sometimes the tune is serious:

"God guard our Indian brothers,
The Children of the Sun,
Guide us and walk beside us,
Until Thy will be done.
To all be equal measure,
Whate'er his blood or birth,
Till we shall build as Thou hast willed
O'er all Thy fruitful Earth."

Sometimes the tune is jocular: —

"Eighty Tommies, big and small,
Grumbling hard as is their habit.
'Say, mate, what's a Buserwal?'
'Somethin' like a bloomin' rabbit.'
'Got to hoof it to Chitral!'
'Blarst ye, did ye think to cab it!'
Eighty Tommies, big and small,
Grumbling hard as is their habit."

We are particularly taken with the story of "Bendy's Sermon." Bendy was a "converted" prize-fighter, who took to preaching at revival meetings. On one occasion, his hearers chafed him beyond endurance, and this is what followed:

"Then Bendy said, 'Good Lord, since first I left my sinful ways,
Thou knowest that to Thee alone I've given up my days,
But now, dear Lord' — and here he laid his Bible on the shelf —
'I'll take, with your permission, just five minutes for myself.'
"He vaulted from the pulpit like a tiger from a den,
They say it was a lovely sight to see him floor his men;
Right and left, and left and right, straight and true and hard,
Till the Ebenezer Chapel looked more like a knacker's yard."

A "lovely sight" it must have been indeed! Sir Arthur gives us much variety in this volume, albeit its compass is small. We commend "Shakespeare's Expostulation" to readers in whose bonnet the Baconian bee has buzzed.

The little pieces that Lady Alfred Douglas has called "The Inn of Dreams" are butterflies or humming-birds of verse flitting from one flower of fancy to another to extract from each a drop of honeyed thought. This drop is called "Daffodil Dawn":

"While I slept, and dreamed of you,
Morning, like a princess, came,
All in robe of palest blue;
Stooped and gathered in that hour
From the east a golden flower,
Great and shining flower of flame . . .
Then she hastened on her way
Singing over plain and hill —
While I slept and dreamed of you
Dreams that never can come true . . .
Morning at the gates of Day,
Gathered Dawn, the daffodil."

Such verse is charming, but futile — just good enough to occupy an idle moment or a nook in some magazine.

The lady who signs herself "Dolf Wyllarde" has a pretty talent in verse-making, as readers of the

songs in her novels have long since discovered. Her "Verses" now published have a fairly wide range, from songs of passion to impressions of travel. They are a little hectic at times, and exhibit a soul that seems to be still seeking for anchorage. These stanzas on "Lower London" are good enough to be almost impressive:

"Beneath His quiet skies — His quiet skies! —
We shriek and die,
And watch the morning and the eve go by,
And shudder to this God, who does not heed our cries.

"We could bear all things were He less divine —
He does not care!
He set us in this toil of our despair,
And straight withdrew Himself, and gave no hint of His design.

"Grey pall of sullen cloud and sapphire dim
Are all we meet,
Until His sunset breaks along the street
And turns our sordid City to a fleeting proof of Him.

"But then the cloud returns, the glory dies —
Then shriek and curse
In gaslit hells that show them nothing worse
Than open night beneath His quiet skies . . . His quiet
skies!"

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Glimpses of Emerson's daily life. The fifth and sixth volumes of "Emerson's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) are much like those which have gone before, but contain rather more that is of interest to the ordinary reader of Emerson. The years which they cover, 1838 to 1844, saw the founding of Brook Farm and of Alcott's Fruitlands, the beginning and the end of the elder "Dial," and, among events of more intimate concern to Emerson, the delivery of the Divinity School Address, the publication of the first and the second series of "Essays," the residence of Thoreau in Emerson's household, and the death of his son. These were years of much reading, writing, and lecturing, and of patient listening to the erratic bores who were now coming to Concord in great numbers, and whose visits Emerson endured as an edifying affliction. "Long Beard" and "Short Beard," who came hither the other day with intent as it seemed to make Artesian Wells of us, taught me something." The fact that, as in previous journals, the philosopher refers so seldom to passing events gives an especial interest to the few records like the following: "I went to the circus. . . . One horse brought a basket in his teeth, picked up a cap, and selected a card out of four. All wonder comes of showing an effect at two or three removes from the cause. Show us the two or three steps by which the horse was brought to fetch the basket, and the wonder would cease. But I and Waldo were of one mind when he said, 'It makes me want to go home.'" A longer passage gives Emerson's impressions of Fanny Elssler's dancing. The death of his son broke down his reserve,

and in the days immediately following he wrote many touching comments, some of which he repeated rather less effectively in his "Threnody." There are occasional literary criticisms, some of them expressed in a single phrase, as "Tennyson is a beautiful half of a poet"; and there are free comments on men that he had known. Alcott, Webster, Channing, and others, are discussed at some length; but the most effective characterizations are in telling phrases. "A. [Alcott?] is a tedious archangel." "T. P. [Theodore Parker?] has beautiful fangs, and the whole amphitheatre delights to see him worry and tear his victim." A few bits of autobiography and self-criticism are of interest. In 1839 Emerson wrote: "When I was thirteen years old, my Uncle Samuel Ripley one day asked me 'How is it, Ralph, that all the boys dislike you and quarrel with you, whilst the grown people are fond of you?' Now I am thirty-six, and the fact is reversed, — the old people suspect and dislike me, and the young love me." Of the twentieth reunion of his college class, he says: "I drank a great deal of wine (for me), with the wish to raise my spirits to the pitch of good fellowship; but the wine produced on me its old effect, and I grew graver with every glass. Indignation and eloquence will excite me, but wine does not."

The Scammon Lectures for 1911, *A prophet of the classic revival of the Art Institute of Art in America.* Chicago by Mr. Kenyon Cox, have been published under the title "The Classic Point of View" (Scribner). Classicism in the art of painting may seem anachronistic in these days of impressionists, post-impressionists, "cubistes," and that other school which aims to represent the human figure, not by cubes, but "as a series of triangles." None the less, when we find critics writing to prove that this art of the present is real and vital, that it will become the art of the future, the need of striking some note of reaction in the direction of old-fashioned sanity is sufficiently obvious. This is what Mr. Cox has set himself to do; and in general he has done it admirably. He has given us "a definite credo — a detailed and explicit confession of artistic faith," which occasionally lapses into polemic — as might be expected from the necessities of the case. After all, as Wilde said, only an auctioneer can admire impartially all the schools of art; and it must be confessed that our author displays a surprising amount of self-control. In the face of great temptations to indulge in destructive irony, he keeps in the main to constructive criticism. He shows us how the classic tradition was lost, and what we must do to regain it; for it is here in America, unhampered by traditions of her own and not yet satiated by that classic beauty which has become an old story abroad — it is here, our painter-critic believes, that the world's chance of a successful classical revival lies. A chapter on the value of the subject in art follows the title lecture, and a discussion of "Design" brings out the importance of composition as a characteristic of the

classic tradition. Chapters on Drawing, Light and Shade and Color, and a final discussion of technique in general, complete the volume, which is rich in historical detail and presents an interesting if somewhat discursive picture of the evolution of painting under the old masters. The book should be widely read, not only by the young artists for whom it was primarily intended, but by every art-lover who aspires to a deeper insight, and by every critic who has learned the vividness of the artist's view-point when discussing his art. The volume is generously and aptly illustrated, although the plates are not inserted at the proper places in the text, and — a worse fault — the book has no index of proper names to facilitate reference.

A versatile and erratic man of letters.

A devoted son has no easy task when he tries to interpret to the world the character of a versatile, individual, almost erratic father. The "Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins" (Lane) leaves the reader here and there with a sense of inadequacy, though it is written frankly and in good taste by his son, Mr. L. C. Collins. The subject of the memoir appears not only as critic and essayist, but as indefatigable University Extension lecturer, curious student of criminology, member of the Murder Club and the Ghost Club, and in many other activities. One bit of self-analysis deserves to be quoted: "I cannot call to mind a single human being who has had the *slightest* influence on me. My intense love of literature was inspired by no one, encouraged by no one, influenced by no one. It awoke suddenly and spontaneously — my life, my deeper life, has been *essentially* and permanently *solitary*." This seems strange from a man who was so genial, and who had so many close personal and literary friends. Perhaps the most readable parts of the memoirs are those which record Collins's acquaintance with more or less distinguished English authors. Readers who know the personalities of both men will be interested in his impressions of Browning in 1881: "With Browning I was miserably disappointed; there was a marked *vulgarity* about him, particularly in his accent and in the tone of his voice, and a certain indescribable savour of *sycophancy* of a man eager to be of a grade to which he did not belong; but the poet was there — the poet's keen eye — the poet's heart — obvious in his remarks and descriptions: a sad, very thoughtful face, a great weight of thought over the eyes — for the rest a commonplace face and a very commonplace manner, in the brow and the eye only sat genius: his conversation — except when he was speaking of his reminiscences about Carlyle — studiously commonplace." A story of the rupture between Collins and Swinburne deserves notice by the future historian of literary amenities. Collins, replying in the "Athenæum" to some author who took a review of his works as a personal matter, remarked that he had attacked Swinburne's prose with the greatest severity, and that he and Swinburne were still, as they had been for years, the

closest of friends. Swinburne, it appeared, had never seen the attack. When he read it to ascertain the extent of his magnanimity, he was so incensed that he broke off the intimacy, and apparently never really became reconciled.

Story-tellers of our time.

The critic who puts out a volume dealing with contemporary writers deserves more thanks than he is likely to receive. Such a book is an invaluable source of information regarding men who are not yet enshrined — or entombed — in more formal works; but from the first, every reader is sure to dissent from some of its judgments, and in time it is cited only as an illustration of the absurdities which all contemporary criticism is sure to commit. In "Some American Story Tellers" (Holt), Mr. Frederic Taber Cooper presents essays on Francis Marion Crawford, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Winston Churchill, Robert W. Chambers, Ellen Glasgow, David Graham Phillips, Robert Herrick, Edith Wharton, Newton Booth Tarkington, "O. Henry," Gertrude Atherton, Owen Wister, Frank Norris, and Ambrose Bierce. This list must be given in full, since Mr. Cooper nowhere tells his principle of selection, and it is hard to see why some of these authors were taken and others left. Many of the sketches originally appeared in magazine form, and this may account for a slightly unfortunate lack of uniformity in plan. A few give the essential facts of an author's life, while others must be supplemented by reference to "Who's Who in America," or some other manual of contemporary biography. In some cases the plots of novels and tales are briefly summarized, in others the criticism implies that the reader already knows the author's works. These, however, are minor defects. Mr. Cooper has resisted the temptation, which besets a writer for a popular magazine, to reverse the old proverb and say only good of the living; and he has made no attempt at smartness of treatment, or at the exploitation of striking theories. His criticisms are the dignified application to each writer's works of his own fairly definite idea of what modern fiction should be. His views will not find general acceptance; but his book is interesting to read, and notwithstanding its omissions it will occupy a place for the next ten years on the reference shelves of the student of American literature.

One of the best of books on India.

To every reader who has any interest in the living stream of events that is passing so rapidly into Eastern history, we hasten to recommend Mr. Lovat Fraser's "India under Curzon and After" (Holt). The well-known editor of "The Times of India" covers five hundred large pages in treating his theme; but the subject matter is so important, the presentation so straightforward, and most of the conclusions so authoritative, that one is likely to bring in a charge of undue brevity rather than of prolixity. If the reader will remember that Mr. Fraser

frankly avows his admiration of Lord Curzon's policy in general, there will be little need of further caution. Moreover, our individual admiration or dislike for Lord Curzon should not interfere with our enjoyment or profit; for the volume still offers a most valuable and entertaining survey of recent history and present conditions, and prepares us for an intelligent consideration of British rule under the reforms of Lord Morley and the changes just announced at the Durbar. In pleasing contrast to ninety per cent of the current books on India, it embodies the thoughts and observations of an author deserving an audience. As a newspaper editor, Mr. Fraser has had unusual opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and as a man of trained intelligence he has been able to profit by his information. He is a loyal Briton; but, like the best of his countrymen, he is fully alive to defects in administration as well as to errors in general policy. It inspires confidence to read his strictures on "the pernicious practice of government from hill-stations," or on the sacrifice of Indian interests to Lancashire manufactures, — just as it is a pleasure to note his genuine sympathy for Indian aspirations and his joy "in great deeds worthily done" by his compatriots. We cannot even give the captions of the various chapters, much less criticise minor slips of presentation or adduce differences of opinion. But this matters very little; for we should conclude by renewing our warm recommendation of this timely and readable book by a thoroughly competent author.

*Development of
our dramatic
literature.*

There is much in Mr. Tucker Brooke's "The Tudor Drama" (Houghton) to commend it to more than the special student of our literature. In the first place, the plan is excellent. Instead of carrying the drama through to its decay and death in the closing of the theatres in 1642, when by a curious fiction the Elizabethan drama is said to end; Mr. Brooke ends the Tudor drama with the last of the Tudors, — or he does so with as much exactness as is possible in a work of this character. New conditions, especially those due to Puritan opposition, make really a new chapter of the Caroline drama, so that the Tudor drama has an independent unity. We have therefore in the work before us a treatment of the rise and consummate development of the greatest literature of the race. The drama is treated chronologically till adherence to chronology ceases to be a virtue, and then influences and types form the headings of the chapters. If one wishes to follow the work of any one author through this period, it calls for considerable agility to jump from pastoral and romantic comedy to history play and to the drama of contemporary incident. But in a book of this kind one is more interested in a study of types and the progress of dramatic expression. In the second place, Mr. Brooke treats his subject with fine critical discrimination. He does not rehash worn-out opinions or long-accepted judgments, but he treats each theme with a freshness and an originality that make even

a history of literature interesting. We might just mention his plausible theory that Shakespeare's "purge" (mentioned in "The Return from Parnassus") refers to a passage that originally appeared in the version of "Hamlet" as acted in Cambridge in 1601-2, and was later omitted by Heming and Condell from the First Folio in order not to offend Jonson. The theory has the merit of not being at present capable of direct refutation. Neither can it be at present proved. The bibliographies at the close of every chapter are well chosen.

*A study of
wages in the
United States.*

Recent discussions of standards of living and the amount of economic goods necessary to maintain a standard of efficiency have led Professor Scott Nearing of the University of Pennsylvania to a consideration of "Wages in the United States" (Macmillan), from statistics covering the years from 1908 to 1910. The lack of uniformity in gathering and tabulating wage reports, and in many cases the entire absence of any statistics at all, is recognized, and the conclusions are set down as by no means final although based on statistical proof which must stand until overthrown by additional studies. The statistics are taken from reports of Massachusetts (which are especially commended), New Jersey and Kansas, special wage reports of the telephone industry, of wages of women in Illinois department stores, of the Bethlehem Steel Works investigation, of the Bureau of Labor, and of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The reports concerning average wages are shown to be incomplete, and in a measure inaccurate; but they are alike in various States, and so approximately correct in showing that the average of wages is about the same in all sections of the country. The conclusion is given that in the territory east of the Rockies and north of Mason and Dixon's line "three-quarters of the adult males and nineteen-twentieths of the adult females actually earn less than \$600 a year." Actual wages and proposed standards of living are not commensurate; and while one may say that the statistics are not definite enough to afford very certain conclusions, the fact remains that such statistics as are available show a low average. While the book is perhaps not conclusive, it represents an honest effort to get at the actual facts.

*Relations of
psychology
and conduct.*

Under the title of "The Fundamental Laws of Human Behavior," Professor Max Meyer, of the University of Missouri, publishes a series of lectures which serve as a text upon the physiological basis of elementary psychological processes (Richard G. Badger, Boston). The book has the advantage of singleness of purpose and unity of subject. It attempts to explain, largely by means of hypothetical diagrams, the presumptive processes that go on within the nervous system and outwardly influence human behavior. This is an important part of the basis of psychology for students, as also for the understanding of behavior practically

and theoretically. It is less clear to what extent this method may be carried and still remain profitable. To the hypothetical diagrams no exception can be taken, but only to their complexity and their detailed elaboration. One may naturally ask whether the resulting benefit is not dubious or even specious. This applies more particularly to the more quantitative and diagrammatic argument, and the mechanical analogies of resistance, power, energy, flux, and the like. Apart from this query, the volume serves to cover the ground. It may be that the interest in behavior from this point of view is limited to students and professors of psychology. It is well that so acceptable a compendium of this cross-section of the fundamentals of behavior should be available.

It is growing to be a commonplace that no man is entitled to write of the Orient who has not lived under its brilliant sun for at least a quarter of a century. This exacting requirement is filled, with eleven years to the good, by M. Pierre Ponafidine, Imperial Russian Consul General in Constantinople, formerly occupying similar positions in various parts of Persia and Turkey. To the average reader, M. Ponafidine's account of "Life in the Moslem East" — a laudably descriptive title — will afford constant instruction and lively entertainment. Every reviewer will especially commend the chapters that deal with the position of women, the Arab horse in its native land, and law proceedings in Persia. On the other hand, the student will note various annoying inaccuracies, especially in the details of early Mohammedan history; while the punctilious advocate of pure English and scrupulous proof-reading must pencil many regrettable slips, which may be explained in part by the distance separating the translator, Madame Emma Cochran Ponafidine, from the publishers. The book contains over four hundred generous pages of clear type, and more than forty excellent illustrations. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Energies of Man," by William James, appears without alteration but in a new edition with the imprint of Moffat, Yard & Co. The essay, which originally appeared in "The American Magazine," has been reprinted in "Memories and Studies," but will no doubt find a welcome among readers in this convenient and acceptable form.

The handsome "Memorial Edition" of Meredith, published by Messrs. Scribner, has just been completed by the publication of a volume of "Various Readings and Bibliography." In completeness and attractiveness, this imposing set of twenty-seven volumes at once takes its place among the chief definitive editions of modern writers.

The "Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature" which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. publish in a volume of more than a thousand two-column pages is edited by Dean Henry Wace and Dean William C.

Piercy. It is a revision of the work in four volumes which has been a standard for reference since its original publication more than a quarter of a century ago. It is a work which has enlisted a high quality of English scholarship in its preparation, and which, in its present convenient form, should considerably enlarge its field of usefulness.

The latest volumes in the "Eclectic English Classics" of the American Book Co. are as follows: "The Merchant of Venice," edited by Mr. Gilbert S. Blakely; Carlyle's essay on Burns, edited by Mr. Edwin L. Miller; and George Eliot's "Silas Marner," edited by Miss May McKittrick. These are all carefully prepared and inexpensive texts.

Thackeray's "English Humorists," edited by Professor Stark Young, is published in the "Standard English Classics" by Messrs. Ginn & Co. The editor has adopted a new and happy principle of annotation, which he describes as having for its purpose "to increase rather than to satisfy the reader's curiosity." To this series is also added a school edition of "Hamlet," with H. N. Hudson's commentary.

The third group of volumes in Messrs. Holt's "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge" will contain Professor F. L. Paxson's "The Civil War," which is the first of a five-volume series on American History to consist of volumes on "The Colonial Period," "The Wars with England," "From Jefferson to Lincoln," "The Civil War," and "Reconstruction and Union," each specially written for the layman by an authority.

The "Matzke Memorial Volume" published by Stanford University contains two important papers by Matzke himself and a dozen contributions by his colleagues, now brought together as a tribute to his memory. Gaston Paris is the subject of one of the essays by Matzke, while the other is entitled "The Development and Present Status of Romanic Dialectology." Of the remaining contents, the most interesting occupies a single page only, being a bit of the "Purgatorio" from the translation upon which Mr. Melville B. Anderson has been engaged for many years. If we may judge from this specimen, the completed translation (which is in *terza rima*) will take very high rank among the English versions of the Sacred Poem.

"The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature" (Putnam) are described by the publishers as "a series of small volumes . . . dealing with various aspects of thought, and with the results of recent discoveries, in a form acceptable to educated readers in general." Examination of the dozen or more volumes now at hand bears out the accuracy of this description, and reveals the fact that competent hands have been at work in their preparation. The volumes are perhaps half as large as those of the similar "Home University Library," also recently undertaken. Among the more interesting or timely of the volumes now published are these: "Early Religious Poetry of the Hebrews," by Dr. E. E. King; "The History of the English Bible," by Dr. John Brown; "An Introduction to Experimental Psychology," by Dr. Charles S. Myers; "English Dialects," by Dr. W. W. Skeat; and "Aerial Locomotion," by Messrs. E. H. Harper and Allan Ferguson. Promising titles in preparation are these: "Goethe in the Twentieth Century," by Professor J. G. Robertson; "The Icelandic Sagas," by Dr. W. A. Craigie; "Life in the Mediæval University," by Mr. R. S. Rait; and "Discovery in Greek Lands," by Mr. F. H. Marshall.

NOTES.

The "Irish Folk History Plays" of Lady Gregory are soon to be published in two volumes by Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. L. P. Jacks, editor of "The Hibbert Journal" and author of "Mad Shepherds," will publish next month through Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. a volume entitled "Among the Idol Makers."

An extended biography of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd, prepared by his sister, Miss Caro Lloyd, is one of the most welcome announcements of the new year. Messrs. Putnam are to publish the work, in two volumes.

Mr. A. E. Gallatin, author of "Whistler's Art Dicta and Other Essays," will publish immediately through John Lane Company a volume of similar character entitled "Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles."

An article on "Charles Dickens and Women" will be contributed to the February issue of "Lippincott's Magazine," by the late Henry Snowden Ward, Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship in England and a lecturer of wide popularity.

Through an arrangement with Tolstoy's heirs, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish the authorized American editions of several posthumous works by the great Russian. These writings consist of two novels entitled "Hadji Murad" and "The Forged Coupon," and three volumes of miscellaneous short stories and plays.

The Société des Gens de Lettres de France announces that it has appointed Mr. Frank Allen its representative in the United States. Members and associates of the Society who have copyrighted French books in this country since 1909 are requested to send Mr. Allen a list and copies of these works. His address is 84 Mercer Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

"The English Journal," devoted to the interests of the English teachers of America, will make its appearance immediately from the University of Chicago Press. The managing editor is Mr. James Fleming Hosic, who will have the assistance of ten associate and advisory editors. The Journal will appear monthly, with the exception of July and August.

The most important contribution thus far announced to the Dickens centenary is a volume entitled "Dickens as Editor," made up of four hundred hitherto unpublished letters of the novelist. Mr. R. C. Lehman, the editor of "Punch," edits this volume, which deals of course with Dickens's connection with "Household Words." The Sturgis & Walton Co. will publish the book on February 7—Dickens's birthday.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is at last to have a monument commensurate (in physical proportions, at least) with his far-reaching fame. A heroic statue of the romancer is planned for the city of Salem, and it is hoped to raise fifty thousand dollars with which to pay for it. Of this amount twelve thousand dollars has already been secured by the committee, of which no less a personage than Mr. Rudyard Kipling (now Sir Rudyard) is vice-president.

The first number of the first volume of "The Elm Tree Press," a quarterly publication descriptive of those artistic products of the printer's art which come from the book-making establishment at Woodstock, Vermont, gives illustrative descriptions of "The Hun-

dred Riddles of Symphosius," "Horace for Modern Readers," "The Letters of Horace," Fitzgerald's "Agamemnon," the "Pervigilium Veneris," "Copa: The Hostess of the Inn," Torrey's "Intellectual Torch," "The Librarian's Series" (six volumes), and Mr. Dana's "Modern American Library Economy." The bibliophile and the librarian are especially appealed to by these choice examples of book-making.

A living link with Charles Lamb exists in the person of Dr. Augustus Jessopp, of Norwich, England, a retired parish priest, and a man of letters. Dr. Jessopp, as a little boy, was walking one day with his father in the village of Enfield, when a small man in exiguous hose and shabby dress-coat drew nigh. Stopping to talk with Jessopp senior, the slender pedestrian patted the boy's head as he conversed, and then passed on. "Do you know who that was?" asked the father, of his unconsciously immortalized son. "That was Charles Lamb." Dr. Jessopp is now in his eighty-eighth year, and can recall incidents in his acquaintance with Tennyson, Browning, George Meredith, and other Victorian notabilities.

"Home Progress" is the title of a series of reading courses, projected by Houghton Mifflin Co., having for its purpose the advancement of health, education, and ideals in the home. The courses include a wide range of topics, every one intimately and definitely related to the enrichment of family life. Each year the course is devoted to a single subject, the intelligent understanding of which is necessary to the happiness and well-being of the home. The subject of the course this year is the health, the mental training, and the moral guidance of children. The courses are conducted by means of an illustrated bi-monthly magazine and the use of three specified books each year. The enterprise deserves and will doubtless find a large field of usefulness.

The Ontario Library Association publishes, through the Ontario Department of Education, "A Selected List of Books for Boys and Girls, Recommended by the Ontario Library Association for Purchase by the Public Libraries of this Province." This list supplements a larger similar work issued in 1906, and therefore confines itself to books published since that date, up to the end of 1910. Further supplements will appear at intervals. The selections have been carefully made by persons of judgment, and the economy enforced upon all public libraries has been as far as possible consulted in drawing up the list. Publishers and prices are named in all instances. It is a useful list for any library desirous of keeping abreast of the times in books for the young.

The dedication of the new St. Louis Public Library, a building representing an outlay of a million and a half dollars, one-third of the amount coming from Mr. Carnegie's apparently inexhaustible library fund, took place on the sixth of this month, with Mr. Herbert Putnam and a dozen other eminent librarians from various parts of this country and Canada present to solemnize the occasion. St. Louis's excellent library has long merited a better shelter than that hitherto provided, and there will be more than local rejoicing at the opening of the new building. Mr. Carnegie's gift of one million dollars to the city in 1901 has already been partly spent in erecting six branch libraries, and others will follow, one-half of this gift being devoted to this object, and the other half, as above indicated, to the central building just completed.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 63 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Robert Louis Stevenson in California.** By Katharine D. Osbourne. Illustrated, 8vo, 120 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2. net.
- A Retrospect of Forty Years, 1835-1885.** By William Allen Butler; edited by his daughter, Harriet Allen Butler. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 470 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- My Life Story.** By Emily, Shareefa of Wazan; edited by S. L. Bensusan; introduction by R. B. Cunningham Grahame. Illustrated, 8vo, 343 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3.50 net.
- Alexander Hamilton: An Essay.** By William S. Culbertson. With portrait, 12mo, 153 pages. Yale University Press. \$1. net.

HISTORY.

- The Indian Tribes of the Upper Mississippi Valley and Region of the Great Lakes.** Translated from the French of Nicholas Perrot and others by Emma Helen Blair. In 2 volumes. Illustrated, 8vo. Arthur H. Clark Co. \$10. net.
- The Importance of the Reign of Queen Anne in English Church History.** By Frederick William Wilson; with introduction by C. W. C. Oman. 12mo, 104 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Lectures on Poetry.** By J. W. Mackall. 8vo, 347 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3. net.
- Letters to William Allingham.** Edited by H. Allingham and E. Baumer Williams. Illustrated, 8vo, 314 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Adventures in Life and Letters.** By Michael Monahan. 12mo, 373 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.
- Hurd's Letters on Chivalry and Romance:** with the Third Elizabethan Dialogue. Edited by Edith J. Morley. 12mo, 178 pages. Oxford University Press.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- The Works of Dickens.** New volumes: *Oliver Twist*, illustrated in color by Cruikshank; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, illustrated in color by "Phiz"; *David Copperfield*, illustrated in color by "Phiz." Each, 8vo. Oxford University Press.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

- Three Plays: The Marrying of Ann Leete, The Voyage Inheritance, Waste.** By Granville Barker. 12mo, 357 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.
- The Madras House: A Comedy in Four Acts.** By Granville Barker. 12mo, 145 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.
- The Oxford Book of German Verse:** from the Twelfth to the Twentieth Century. Edited by H. G. Fiedler; with preface by Gerhardt Hauptmann. 16mo, 607 pages. Oxford University Press. \$2. net.
- The Human Fantasy.** By John Hall Wheelock. 12mo, 141 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.
- Forty-two Poems.** By James Elroy Flecker. 12mo, 86 pages. London: J. M. Dent & Co.
- From the Lips of the Sea.** By Clinton Scollard. 16mo, 44 pages. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning. \$1. net.
- Quiet Places: Poems.** By Carlos Wupperman. 12mo, 86 pages. New York: Shadmas O'Sheel. \$1. net.
- In a Portuguese Garden, and Other Verse.** By Clara E. Whitton-Stone. 12mo, 393 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.50 net.
- First Love: A Lyric Sequence.** By Louis Untermeyer. 12mo, 82 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.
- The Eagle's Bride.** By O. C. Auringer. 18mo, 12 pages. New York: William E. Jenkins Co.
- Life-Lore Poems.** By Luella Knott. 12mo, 161 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

FICTION.

- Peter Ruff and the Double-Four.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated, 12mo, 424 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Brentons.** By Anna Chapin Ray. With frontispiece, 12mo, 420 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.
- More Ghost Stories of an Antiquary.** By Montague Rhodes James. 8vo, 281 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.

Moving the Mountain. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 12mo, 273 pages. The Chariton Co. \$1. net.

Onawago: or, The Betrayer of Pontiac. By Will Cumback Ludlaw. Illustrated, 12mo, 311 pages. Benton Harbor, Michigan: Antiquarian Publishing Co.

The Reckoning of Heaven. By Alfred Bull. With frontispiece in color. 18mo, 129 pages. Irving Park, Ill.: Published by the author. \$1. net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- Peru of the Twentieth Century.** By Percy F. Martin. Illustrated, 8vo, 365 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4.20 net.
- Trekking the Great Thirst: Travel and Sport in the Kalahari Desert.** By Arnold W. Hodson; edited by A. E. Nellen; with introductory note by Sir Ralph Williams, and foreword by F. C. Selous. Illustrated, large 8vo, 359 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- The Canadian Rockies: New and Old Trails.** By A. P. Coleman. Illustrated, 8vo, 383 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Tour Two: A Trip to Europe and What Came of It.** By Georgina Pfau. Illustrated, 12mo, 203 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25 net.

RELIGION.

- The War Within: Being a Few Admonitory Thoughts upon Some Modern Temptations.** By John Edwards le Borguet. 12mo, 140 pages. Boulder, Colorado: First Congregational Church. \$1.40 net.
- The Master of Evolution.** By George H. McNish. 12mo, 135 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

- Attitude of American Courts in Labor Cases: A Study in Social Legislation.** By George Gorham Groat. 8vo, 400 pages. "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law." Columbia University Press. Paper. \$3. net.
- The Immigration Problem.** By Jeremiah W. Jenks and W. Jett Lauck. 8vo, 512 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.75 net.
- International Arbitration and Procedure.** By Robert C. Morris; with Forward by President Taft. 12mo, 248 pages. Yale University Press. \$1.35 net.
- Man's Birthright.** By Ritter Brown. 12mo, 316 pages. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc. \$1.50 net.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

- On the Art of the Theatre.** By Edward Gordon Craig. Illustrated by the author, 8vo, 296 pages. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore. \$2. net.
- A Catalogue of an Exhibition of Old Masters, in Aid of the National Art-Collections Fund: Grafton Galleries, 1911.** Edited by Roger E. Fry and Maurice W. Brockwell. Illustrated, large 8vo, 146 pages of text. London: Philip Lee Warner, publisher to The Medica Society, Ltd.
- Cameo Book Stamps.** Figured and Described by Cyril Davenport. Illustrated, 4to, 225 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$6. net.
- Catalogue of the International Exhibition of Contemporary Medals.** Illustrated, 4to, 406 pages. New York: American Numismatic Society. Paper.
- Furniture.** By Esther Singleton. Illustrated, large 8vo, 293 pages. Duffield & Co. \$7.50 net.
- Should We Stop Teaching Art?** By C. E. Ashbee. 12mo, 123 pages. London: B. T. Batsford.
- The Architecture of the Renaissance in France: A History of the Evolution of Arts of the Building, Decoration, and Garden Design, under Classical Influence from 1495 to 1830.** By W. H. Ward. In 2 volumes, illustrated, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$12. net.
- The House and Its Equipment.** Edited by Lawrence Weaver. Illustrated, 4to, 212 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5. net.
- The Construction of Lombard and Gothic Vaults.** By Arthur Kingsley-Porter. Illustrated, 4to, 29 pages. Yale University Press. \$2. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

- A Shakespeare Glossary.** By C. T. Onions. 12mo, 271 pages. Oxford University Press.
- Periodical Articles on Religion, 1890-1899: Author Index.** Compiled by Ernest Cushman Richardson. Large 8vo, 378 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Course in Isaac Pitman Shorthand. 16mo, 241 pages. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons. \$1.50.
 Practical Algebra: Second Course. By Joseph V. Collins. Illustrated, 12mo, 312 pages. American Book Co. 85 cts.
 First Lessons in English for Foreigners in Evening Schools. By Frederick Houghton. Illustrated, 12mo, 150 pages. American Book Co. 40 cts.
 Second Year Latin for Sight Reading: Selections from Caesar and Nepos. By Arthur L. Jones. Illustrated, 12mo, 236 pages. American Book Co. 40 cts.
 The New Barnes Writing Books. Four volumes, with Teacher's Manual. By C. S. & A. G. Hammock. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes Co. Paper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Handbook of Health. By Woods Hutchinson, M.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 355 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.
 Self-Investment. By Orison Swett Marden. 12mo, 315 pages. T. Y. Crowell Co. \$1. net.
 The Star Pocket Book; or, How to Find Your Way at Night by the Stars. By R. Weatherhead; with Foreword by Sir Robert Ball. Illustrated, 24mo, 80 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. 50 cts net.
 Organ and Function: A Study of Evolution. By B. D. Hahn. 12mo, 198 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.
 Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism. By Hubert Gruender. S. J. 12mo, 256 pages. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. \$1. net.
 Some Old Egyptian Librarians. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. 16mo, 93 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Matske Memorial Volume: Containing two unpublished papers by John E. Matske, and contributions in his Memory by his Colleagues. With portrait, 8vo, 162 pages. "Leland Stanford Junior University Publications." Stanford University, California.

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